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# The MOTHERS' COMPANION

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"The Master of the House." (*Drawn by* FLORENCE REASON.)

# THE

# MOTHERS' COMPANION

*"The Mother of To-day rules the World of To-morrow."*

VOL. IX. 1895.

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# "NOBLY PLANNED."

BY M. B. MANWELL, AUTHOR OF "THE BENTS OF BATTERSBY," ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER I.

### THE VACANT PLACE.

IT was all over, and the Brimsby folk said the girls looked so well in black. The Cleeves, among other trifling heirlooms, possessed good complexions, the texture of their skins being as Barbara, the eldest, loved to proudly point out, in comparison with that of everyday people, as fine white satin beside canvas. It was therefore a sufficiently patent fact that public opinion was right enough when it pronounced that the Cleeve girls looked passing fair in the crisp, new mourning which they had donned for good old Uncle Phil. But no such thoughts were in the minds of the grief-stricken young people as they moved softly about in the still, arrested life belonging to a house of mourning.

Dear old Uncle Phil! He had been "feyther and mither and a'thing" to the family of orphans sent home from India, when their young parents had been cut off by cholera. A childless widower, Uncle Phil warmly welcomed the hapless, timid little group into his heart and home. His only brother's orphans seemed strangely dear to the lonely man. The Round House at Brimsby woke up at the sound of blithe young voices, the patter of little feet. People wondered, as they will wonder, how the studious elderly man could possibly bring up the young things thrown thus upon his hands. But Uncle Phil managed the feat,- somehow. And when his task was over, lo! it was the end of his life-travels too.

His marching orders had come; but he heard the Master's call tranquilly enough. Folding his wrinkled hands, he was ready. He had done his duty in this world as well as he could, and no more is asked of any one of us than that. His was, in truth, the trustful going home of the Christian.

"He looked glad to go!" murmured little Anne, the youngest, half-aggrieved, half-awed. "It actually seemed easy for him!"

"And so it was!" dreamily said Nell, the second Cleeve girl, looking up from her book. "Listen!" she added, reading from the volume on her lap—

"'Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning at the bar
When I put out to sea.'

That's exactly how *I* would have it, when my own time comes!" And the speaker's pathetic eyes gazed wistfully out of the window through the gap in the trees that framed a long vista of valley scenery, always beautiful to behold.

"Don't, Nell!" exclaimed little Anne.

"She's quite right, Nell!" said a third voice. "It's not wholesome to be dwelling on one's own death. We have so much to think of in the way of plans about living; let the other subject bide a wee!"

The speaker rose from a lounging-chair, and drew herself up to her full height as if to do battle with fate

itself. She was a superb young woman, Barbara Cleeve; all the Cleeve girls were of a rosy, warm fairness, not of the colourless type. The rest of the family accustomed by slow degrees to the girl's gradual growth in loveliness, accepted it as an every-day fact. But Barbara herself was fully conscious of her heritage, and of its value likewise. She possessed an ambitious nature. It would be exaggeration to say that she beat her head against the bars of her narrow life, for Barbara was of a placid, self-controlling temperament. But she had more than vague longings to get out into the world—to do something or be something great, in order to stand out from her fellow creatures, knowing that on any prominence she must perforce shine by reason of the lustre of the beauteous earthly home of clay God had given to her soul.

To the things pertaining to that soul's everlasting peace Barbara had given no heed—as yet. For the world she would not have done a dishonourable thing—meanness was not a concomitant in the Cleeve blood for that matter—and her lips had never been stained by a lie, not even one of those pale-faced untruths demanded from us by society. "She will marry well!" said the social law-givers. By marrying well, they meant a wealthy marriage. And this prediction accorded with Barbara's secret intention.

"We girls must not keep Geoff out of the Round House long, you know!" she said, with outspoken frankness, when subsequent events unrolled themselves. And this determination was uttered with a sober sedateness that quenched even the girlish derision of little Anne. It was thus tacitly understood that the sisters were to do their best to settle themselves in life, and their brother in the Round House, as soon as possible. Two of the Cleeve sisters were so minded—that is to say, Nell, the second, was an individual whom it was simply wasted time to instruct in the world's ways.

In most families there is one dreamer conspicuous among the brightly alert, rattling rest—one whom the elders scold and ponder over alternately; whom the younger members hustle and hug by turns, for there is ever a charm about these same dreamers.

Eleanor Cleeve was a refuge to her sisters, and Geoff her brother, in those daily frets and jars incidental to life. Unconsciously to themselves, their sister Nell was to each the best-loved member of the Cleeve family. Deservedly so, for despite her dreaminess, Nell was intensely sympathetic, which was, perhaps, the explanation of her popularity. It was the girl's utter unconsciousness, her forgetfulness of self, that endued her with that lovable sympathy which throws itself into the minor troubles of others.

In the small world of home Nell Cleeve had her hands full, it can be well imagined; so full that she had little or no time to brood over herself. But her work was done with such noiselessness, such utter absence of parade, that it did not, seemingly, interfere with the dreaminess of her natural character. She went about her household ways much as Mary would have done had she taken her sister Martha's hints. Beside Barbara, Nell paled as does the moon before the sun's radiance. Her beauty was of the quiet tenderness of moonlight.

She will be the gladdening light of some good man's eyes, had silently thought Uncle Phil many a time as he watched the girl unobserved.

Of another type was the youngest, "Anne of Cleves," known as such since the school-room days when she was so crowned after Henry the Eighth's scornfully rejected spouse. Tiny of frame, of an impetuous disposition, Anne of Cleves had, like the youngest in most families, grown up somewhat spoiled. But nevertheless her temper was sweet and sound; there was inherent good in the girl, only it needed hard digging to get down to it. In appearance, Anne was an exaggeration of her sisters. Rather, she might more properly be said to be a Cleeve viewed through the wrong end of a telescope, so ridiculously small was she.

If Barbara and Nell were slender, Anne was thin to attenuation; her hair was of a more vivid brightness, her cheeks pinker, her eyes bluer. For the rest, Anne of Cleves was a dainty little person, and vain to absurdity. Given a looking-glass in the room, and Anne installed herself in front of it with the same certainty as a duck takes to water. Meantime, spite of her foibles, the girl was the indulged youngest for whose freaks and fancies everybody made allowances.

While each of the three Cleeve girls was cut out from a wholly distinct pattern, their brother Geoff was no whit behind them in individuality. Not to mince matters, Geoff Cleeve was the black sheep of the family. In his nature, it seemed as if the gathered-up weakness of the Cleeves had concentrated. From a boy, he had never been able to keep his feet in the path of rectitude. He lived and moved and had his being on moral quicksands, shifting, slipping, sliding to suit the exigencies of his rudderless character.

"Not a pinch of ballast in the lad!" bemoaned Uncle Phil again and again, with a desponding head-shake. The good old man's own character was thoroughly opposite. Built on the solid rock of a pronounced, religious faith, his temperament had nothing in common with that of the lad he nevertheless loved dearly—perhaps, who knows, for the sake of that flimsy will which Geoffrey had inherited from his mother, a weak, lovely young woman whom Uncle Phil had secretly loved long before his own marriage to another.

In those old days Uncle Phil needed only to have held up his little finger, and he could have wiled his brother's sweetheart to be his own, so weak was she. But Philip Cleeve was not one of those men who never hesitate to stretch out and help themselves to their neighbour's goods and chattels. So his younger brother set sail, with his bride, for India, never more to return to the old country.

Uncle Phil and the woman he afterwards married had been a childless pair; it was, therefore, small wonder that the lonely man welcomed the forlorn group, the pale-faced children of his younger brother and of the woman he had loved silently. Nothing had been too good for them. But though Brimsby vowed that old Squire Cleeve had spoiled them all, it was not so. Uncle Phil's loving indulgence had been tempered by his own uprightness of character.

Geoff's deplorable weakness was an inheritance, not the result of indulgence. At school the boy had fallen into evil courses; one or two disgraceful pranks had, deservedly, got him into hot water. And after he had entered life as a business man in a London firm, he was none the steadier, but the reverse.

Uncle Phil had, through an old friendship, been enabled to place his nephew on the rung of a ladder that reached up to a high position in the City world. It remained for the lad, however, to do the mounting with a cool head and clean hands.

"I've put you in the way, Geoff. You must do the rest, my lad, yourself," was Uncle Phil's injunction.

But what saying is truer than Wordsworth's wise one, that "The child is father to the man"? Geoff was a young man now, but his ways were as reckless, as spendthrift as those of the unmanageable school-boy who had more than once escaped being expelled by the skin of his teeth, as he himself phrased it.

When the news of Uncle Phil's death brought him down to Brimsby, Geoff came burdened with the guilty sense of an increasing accumulation of debts which he had no means of meeting.

These, then, Geoff and his three sisters, were the human belongings whom good old Uncle Phil had left behind him in the Round House of Brimsby.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE UNEXPECTED.

BRIMSBY folk must undoubtedly have been great wits, seeing the facility with which they jumped together. Given a subject of gossip, and, with an amiable unanimity, that topic and that one only was served up, a standing dish in every household in the overgrown village. There were some people who tried to call Brimsby a country town, but the ambitious essay fell to the ground. Brimsby would never attain to the dignity of a township. A village proper, with its green, round which the old creeper-robed houses stood in a circle as if ready, at a given signal, for kiss-in-the-ring—a village it was, and as such it must live and die; and Its interests bound together the little community as one family.

Naturally, then, the death of good "Squire Cleeve," as the villagers loved to style the old man, was felt to be a personal loss by man, woman, and child in Brimsby. The Cleeves had lived in the Round House for two or three generations. Further back still in history, they had farmed their own land, some miles out in the country, where they were owners of two abundantly remunerative farms. But a certain Cleeve chanced to be born who was destitute of farming instincts. The man was hopelessly incompetent for such a life—he was, in short, a born book-worm. Clearly, such a dreamer was no fitting yeoman. But he had sufficient wisdom to let his farms to others more versed in agriculture than himself. Going into Brimsby village, this alien settled down at the Round House, which he bought for an old song, and therein lived on the rents of his fat farms. That was in the good old days, when farming *was* farming.

The Cleeves never took up agriculture again. One after another, as they came into the property, they improved and added to the Round House. Money from outside found its way into the family in the pockets of comfortably-dowered wives, enabling them so to do. In this way the Cleeves had slipped out of the yeomanry stratum of society; they had come to be the lesser gentry, that large body which peoples our professions with its sons.

When, therefore, Uncle Phil passed away, the village felt that they had lost a principal feature in the old Squire just laid to rest. The elders of the community, the contemporaries of Uncle Phil, such as fussy, peppery little Doctor Finch, old Commander Nisbet, and pompous Lawyer Smythe, were, possibly, the most deeply affected by the event. Naturally it made them uneasy when one of the quartette who met every week-day, rain or shine, to play their whist or chess in the village reading-room, should have so suddenly dropped out of the daily routine that had become as second nature to these elderly men. It was disturbing, not to say startling, this unexpected blank in their number, a blank that could not be filled up by any Jack, Tom, or Harry. No, a squire's a squire all the world over.

"There'll never be another squire in our day, you see!" observed the little doctor solemnly, and the broken quartette shook their heads in acquiescence.

"There's Geoff, of course," the Commander ventured to hint. He was a mild little man on shore; but it was on record that Commander Nisbet had done lion-like things in his time, when afloat.

"Pshaw!" impatiently cried the peppery doctor. "We can't put old heads on young shoulders. Besides, Geoff's a fool, if he's nothing worse," he added under his breath.

"I wonder how poor old Cleeve has left things," presently said the Commander, meditatively.

"Do you mean as regards his will?" asked the doctor, looking up quickly; while the lawyer, on the other hand, looked as quickly down.

"I do," was the answer. "I suppose young Geoff will step into his inheritance; and what's to become of those three girls, I'd like to know?"

"Perhaps the poor old Squire had a bit of money saved by for the three; I shouldn't wonder, you know," said the doctor reflectively. "But," he added rousingly, "the best thing the three can do is to get married as fast as they can."

"A good plan enough, but there's only one obstacle to it—at least, there are three obstacles, in the shape of no likely husbands about here for them," said the lawyer, with a hint at pleasantry, which was speedily frowned down by his companions.

It was the day preceding the old Squire's funeral, and of course people were as yet unaware of how his affairs were left. The will was in the safe custody of Lawyer Smythe, so was the secret of its contents.

"They're good-looking girls, the Cleeves," said Doctor Finch.

The three forlorn members of the quartette were idling the afternoon away in the reading-room where so many friendly combats had been waged. There was over them all the awkwardness incident to an arrested routine. They could not have ventured on a simple game at chess; even the mere thought would have shocked them, and, in any case, while "two's company, three's trumpery." It would be more than a relief, they each felt, when to-morrow's sad ceremony should be over, and they could resume their customary normal course; though, to be sure, there would be, for the future, a broken quartette.

"The Cleeve girls deserve to have the pick of good husbands," continued the energetic medical man.

"Barbara is a remarkably handsome girl. She would

—ahem !—she would adorn any station !" The mild little Commander spoke enthusiastically, and there was a flush on his brown face. Commander Nisbet was a bachelor, and, in common with his profession, warmly admired the sex to which the Misses Cleeve belonged.

"Ah, just so !" absently chimed in Lawyer Smythe, who was a many-daughtered man. "Well, there's three of them ; it won't be easy to get a good match apiece, in this part of the world."

"They won't be so very well off, then ? It will be necessary that they should look for money ?" inquired the Commander, tentatively. He was himself a man of moderate means—extremely moderate means, his income being that slender thread, his half-pay.

"Well, Providence forbid that they should shrivel up into old maids !" sincerely observed Doctor Finch. "We've enough and to spare in Brimsby of that commodity."

"Just so," said the lawyer, equably. "But they're not all 'Miss Morleys.' Some of them are decent, kindly souls enough."

"Yes !" the doctor spoke briefly. "But such girls as the Cleeves are meant for happier fates, I take it."

While the elderly men gossiped thus, in a subdued fashion, the Brimsby ladies were not behind them in the occupation. Everybody, in truth, was on the *qui vive* to know the contents of Uncle Phil's will. Some good folk had made up their minds, or rather Uncle Phil's mind for him, that the Round House should be sold, and the farms likewise ; the money being divided between the younger Cleeves. There were several quiet informal tea-drinkings given, at which the subject was duly threshed out.

"My dears !" said sweet, apple-faced Mrs. Iremonger, the late vicar of Brimsby's widow. "What's the use of us laying down the law in this dogmatic fashion ? Can't we wait until to-morrow, and the will is read by Lawyer Smythe who made it out ?" And the dear old lady carefully brushed the cake-crumbs from off her black satin lap. But her gentle remonstrances could not stem the flowing tide of speculation for one instant. It was but seldom that Brimsby had such fare to regale on as the topic of the young Cleeves' future, therefore the most must be made of it.

"For my part, I'm sorry for the girls !" remarked Mrs. Smythe, the placid, fat wife of the lawyer. "It was such a happy home at the Round House, and now here it is broken up for ever !"

"Indeed ?" questioned another voice, sharply and incisively. "I suppose we may take it that you speak with authority, Mrs. Smythe ?"

"Oh, dear, no ! Oh, dear me, Miss Morley !" Mrs. Smythe's florid face grew purple in tint. "I'm sure, ladies," the distressed speaker gazed piteously round the room, "I needn't tell you that my husband wouldn't be guilty of such a breach of confidence as divulging his clients' affairs !"

"Oh—h !" was Miss Morley's long-drawn-out but caustic answer. "I didn't know, of course, what might or might not be the manners and customs of mankind in the bosom of their families !"

"Well," after a pause again began Mrs. Smythe irrepressibly—she was a human cork whom no amount of snubbing could keep long under—"I expect that Geoff will settle down at the Round House. His uncle would be pretty sure to make him his heir—only natural. Then, of course, Geoff would marry at once !" The lawyer's wife ran over the list of her daughters silently. There were five Misses Smythe in all, and Geoff Cleeve would, surely, never dream of going further a-field than Brimsby for a wife.

"And pray, Mrs. Smythe, how would you dispose of Geoff's sisters ?" asked a new voice. "The dear squire was a just man, and wrapped up, so to say, in those sweet nieces of his."

Mrs. Smythe, however, had not given so much thought to the future of Uncle Phil's nieces as to that of his nephew. She had, therefore, no opinion to offer, and took refuge in vigorously stirring her tea.

"Ah, my dears," put in gentle Mrs. Iremonger, "when all's said and done, you've got to take my advice and wait patiently. To-morrow will decide all things satisfactorily, no doubt."

The morrow, when it arrived, certainly cleared up all mystery, but whether satisfactorily Brimsby could not bring itself to decide. The last sad rites were over—the good old Squire Cleeve took his place among the quiet sleepers of his family, in their corner under the walls of the old church tower. The little, sobbing group of mourners had taken their last furtive, scared, farewell look into the grave, and then turned away towards the empty, still home, to which never again would Uncle Phil's kind face and outstretched hands welcome them.

By-and-by, in the long, narrow dining-room, under the eyes of two rows of bygone Cleeves, Uncle Phil's will was opened and read, in pompous Lawyer Smythe's best manner. When his voice ceased, there was a silence. The contents of the will were unexpected, to say the least of it. Geoff Cleeve's pale face flushed a dark red, and a bewildered, hunted look crept into his eyes, which were fastened on the table-cloth. Each of his sisters glanced half fearfully, half sympathetically at him, but Geoff never moved a muscle. Distinctly, the will was a greater surprise to him than it was even to the girls. The young man, in fact, seemed almost paralysed.

"Well, well," said the lawyer, with a subdued touch of returning cheerfulness in his voice. "What we've got to do now is to make the best of things."

Then, with a hasty shake-hands all round, Lawyer Smythe hurriedly departed, eager to impart what was news to Brimsby, though none to himself, seeing he had drawn up the Squire's will long ago.

*(To be continued.)*

## THE NEW YEAR.

UPON this New Year's Day, as in the past,
The light of God's great love is round us cast ;
And we may search and find, if we would see,
A tender, shielding Hand o'er you and me.

In every dreariest nook some song-bird sings !
And there is comfort born of little things.
Count up the blessings, then, that strew the way ;
So shall we best begin our New Year's Day !

# SOME QUEER CRADLES.

BY AN OLD NURSE.

YES, Mum, as I was saying when that dear baby set up such a cry, bless its pretty face, if you'd seen as many different sorts of cradles as I have you'd think a drawer was sort o' kind of right-down luxury.

You'd like to hear about some of the queer cradles I've seen? Well, you just lie still and I'll tell. Hush—sh—sh. (Don't—ee wake up, there's a little king.) Well, Mum, I think I'll tell you about the Chinese babies first; and as my first master was a missionary, I ought to know.

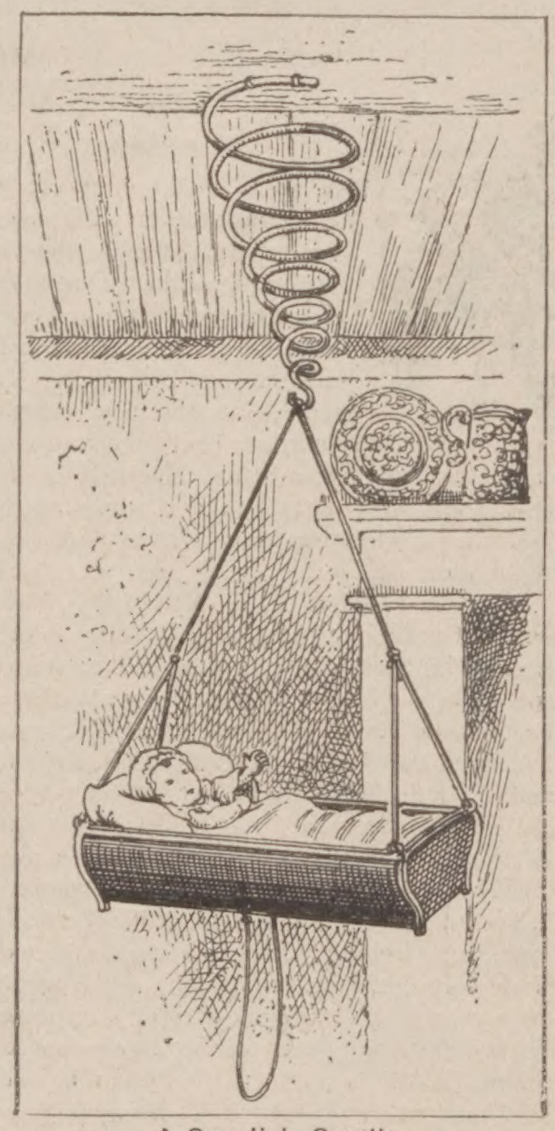
A Chinese Mother and Child.

When a Chinese baby is three days old it is washed all over, and what do you think it's washed with? Pepper, dates, walnuts, and chips of acacia trees are put in the water. Hurt it? I should think it did, and they mean it to hurt too; they think it is washing off the poor little angel's outside skin. Then there's another tub got ready with chestnuts, dates, and money in it, to make the child rich. And all the things that are in the water is the nurse's perkissits, as they call 'em now-a-days.

Next thing is a big plaster to be put on the poor babe, made of pitch and some other nasty stuff, to prevent it having any aches and pains. (Don't — ee cry, lovie, there's no plaster coming nigh you.) The poor dear is smeared all over with white of egg to give it a good complexion; then it is beaten on the hips with an onion to make it clever, and last of all its poor little wrists are tied together. No, it don't hurt 'em, Mum, for the cord is long enough for them to be able to throw their poor little hands about. Sometimes the string is red and has silver toys or money on it, so that it jingles like our rattles. And what do you think the blessed babes are tied up like that for?—to make 'em obedient. I've heard one woman say to another when they were talking about a tiresome child, "Surely his parents forgot to tie up his wrists."

A Hindoo Cradle.

After all that, you may be sure the baby is glad to be put in his cradle, which is generally made of bamboo, with a great heavy frame and rockers—that is, if his parents are gentlefolks. But if they are not, the baby's cradle is generally his mother's back, and you'd stare to see the women walking about with the baby on their backs, taking no more notice of them than if they were flies. Deary me, what a heap I could tell you about those Chinese babies! but I mustn't tire you. I really nearly died o' laughing one morning. I went into a house where the baby was just four months old. "He's old enough to sit up now," says his grandmother, and she pops a big lot of soft candy on a chair, and dumps the baby down on the top of it. No fear of his tumbling out, you may be sure. (No, duckie, we won't cobbler-wax you in that style; you shall



A Swedish Cradle.

be kept in with a *wooden* stick, darling, not stuck in with a *sugar*-stick.)

India, did you say, Mum? Well, I don't see as they are very much better there. They make no end of a fuss when a boy's born, ringing bells and sending round messages and presents and such like; but if it's a girl, they just take no notice at all, except to say how sorry they are. Indian babies are just the most patient, quiet little youngsters you ever see. They'll lie still for hours wide awake and not want no attention at all.

When the father sees his baby for the first time he puts a piece of gold money into its hand and gives it his blessing—that is to say, if it's a boy, but the poor little girls don't always get even that. Oh, there's something else I must tell you—a "wise man" puts down the minute and day that the baby is born, and then tells what is going to happen to it; he writes it all down, and the parents keep it and look at it very often.

No, I don't like being in heathen lands, and I was very glad when I got into a family that was sort of connected with Government—Consul I think they call them. We went to Sweden first, and I saw a queer sort of cradle there, I can tell you, one day. It was a long sort of box, with a rope from each corner fastened to a spring that hung from the ceiling, and there was a cord dangling underneath. As soon as the baby began to cry, the woman who was looking after it caught hold of the cord and swung the cradle. She'd stir the pot with one hand, or keep the cradle going with her foot whilst she did her needlework, and the baby was safe out of harm's way, as long as it was too young to fall out. I've seen the cradles for the babies and the hammocks for the bigger children slung up all round the big kitchen stove at night, and when I've seen the swarms of blackbeetles I've understood the reason why.

After being a few years in Sweden, we went down to Italy, and there I saw one of the most comical kinds of cradles I ever did behold. It was the grape harvest, and I saw a little youngster hanging on a sort of knife-board with a petticoat to it, as happy as you please, and playing with a big bunch of grapes. Dear me, I never understood those words in the Blessed Book so well before. The grapes were all tumbled into a big marble thing, and the folks jumped on them, squeezing all the red juice out. Then it made me think of the dear Lord who trod the wine-press alone. And I have often thought since that it's nice to be able to see things that remind us of Heaven; for it don't matter much what happens to us here; so long as we love the Lord and serve Him the best we can, we're quite sure to be all right afterwards. (That's it, my darling; don't 'oo ever forget that. If you sleep in a drawer or a cradle, or one of those knife-board things, you're the dear Lord's little baby, and He will take care of you; bless your sweet face.)

# WOMEN OF WORTH.

## I.—THE MOTHER OF PRESIDENT GARFIELD.

BY ISABEL SUART ROBSON.

"NOW I can understand how Garfield became the man he was," said an eminent Englishman after an interview with the venerable mother of the President. And, indeed, few men owed more to maternal influence and training. Self-abnegation and indomitable courage were the key-notes of the mother's character, and her whole life was an exemplification of the axioms frequently upon her lips: "Hardships hurt no one, they make character. Half the battle is in thinking you can do a thing. Depend on God and yourself, and you will be equal to the work in hand."

Mrs. Garfield came of a New Hampshire family, but she had Huguenot blood in her veins, being descended from a certain Maturin Ballou, who, on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, joined Roger Williams' American Colony and settled in Cumberland, R.I. There he built a church, still known as Elder Ballou's Meeting-house, and carefully preserved for its old associations. A race of preachers sprang from this stock, and many men eminent in public life. It is not, therefore, difficult to discover the origin of President Garfield's tact, talent, large executive ability, and remarkable force of character. They were derived from a mother who would not have fairly represented a long line of illustrious ancestors had she not possessed them in a pronounced degree.

Mrs. Garfield's pioneer life began at an early age. She had just reached her fourteenth year when her mother decided to leave New Hampshire, and emigrate to Ohio, which was then "Far West." The little farm was sold, the household goods packed into the emigrant waggon, and Widow Ballou started with her children for the West. The journey, now accomplished in twelve hours, occupied a long and toilsome six weeks. The roads were bad, more than once the waggon stuck in the mud, and was only extricated by the use of levers—rivers had to be forded, quagmires avoided, and all kinds of hardships endured, which by no means ceased when the little settlement in Ohio was reached.

Five years later there came to Zanesville, Abram Garfield, a neighbour and schoolfellow of Eliza Ballou's in the old New Hampshire days. Perhaps the memory of those days had something to do with Garfield's choice of a settlement, for in February, 1821, he married Eliza Ballou, and took her to the log-cabin he had built in Newburg. It was a humble home, with its one room of moderate dimensions and its scanty, primitive plenishing; but true love put as much happiness into it as if it had been a palace, and Eliza felt justly proud to know that both dwelling and furniture were the work of her husband's clever fingers.

Here Mrs. Garfield lived for nine years, until the little family, enlarged to five members, demanded more ample provision. Abram Garfield then purchased fifty acres of ground in Orange, Cuyahoga County, erected a large log-cabin, and removed thither with his family. This home, destined to be Mrs. Garfield's until her children were grown and scattered, was the birthplace of her son James, the most illustrious of the noble little

group. The bright hopes centred about the new home were, however, sadly to be dissipated. One hot day, about two years and a half later, a large prairie fire broke out, threatening destruction to the homestead at Orange. Mr. Garfield and his family worked desperately, either to divert its course or check its advance, and after a hard battle the foe was conquered; but it cost the father his life. In some way he took a chill; in the night he was seized with congestion of the throat, and, in spite of his faithful wife's most efficient ministrations, died on the following day.

It was a terrible, irreparable blow, and Mrs. Garfield was at first stunned by its suddenness. "After fifty years," says one who knew her, "her furrowed brow still bore the impress of that grief." From long distances neighbours came to sympathise and advise. All counselled her to sell her farm, and return to her own people—no woman with four children to support could carry on the farm and make a livelihood.

"My husband is buried here; I will never leave him," was Mrs. Garfield's reply, "nor will I sell the home which he made at the sacrifice of his life. Every log is sacred to me, and I must preserve it as faithfully as I would his grave."

"But what can you do?" objected her neighbours, "surely your friends would help you."

"I will *never* cast myself upon the charity of others," she replied, stoutly. "So long as I have health I believe my Heavenly Father will bless these two hands so as to support my children." And surely such faith and courage never go unrewarded. Though hardships and privations had to be endured, and once the wolf of hunger came so near that the heroic mother for weeks lived upon one meal a day that her children might not suffer, the clouds broke at last and the little farm prospered.

This pioneer life must have been a lonely one for the devoted mother. Through the long days, whilst the children were at school, and Thomas, her eldest son, busy on the farm, she would see no one. It gave all the more time for thought, and as she went about her household duties, or sat at her spinning-wheel—an indispensable article in those remote homesteads—she pondered deeply the question of her sons' future, how it would be possible "to make scholars of them." Yet much as she longed to see them "make their mark in the world," that they should grow up *good* men was her deepest desire. In the long winter evenings, when the light of the log-fire made the cabin almost more cheerful than in the day-time, she gathered them about her and instructed them in the Scriptures. Four chapters daily and more on Sunday was Mrs. Garfield's rule, and she not only expounded and catechised, but encouraged the children to question her freely. No doubt she felt, since she was their only guardian and there was so little outside the cabin to assist in their moral training, that hers was a deeper obligation than that borne by other mothers.

"I have planted four sapling in these woods, I must leave them in your care," had been her husband's last words, and that injunction held Mrs. Garfield's life-work. It was her pride to be known as "the mother of her sons." In the life of each of her children her influence was apparent, but especially in that of her younger son, James, doubtless because she never ceased to follow his remarkable career—in the woods, in the schoolhouse, on the battlefield, and in the Congress—with the keenest appreciation and the most earnest prayers. Not that he was more fondly loved than her other children, but from his earliest years the mother had expected great things from him. There was a time when she had ardently hoped that he would keep up the traditions of her family and become a preacher, but she wisely refrained from any suggestion of her wish. It was her conviction that the battlefield and the Congress need their preachers as well as the pulpit, and a good man's life may be a sermon in itself. The news of the assassination of the President, after only four months of office, came as a blow which it required all her heroic courage to endure and live.

She clung to the old homestead at Orange, with its grave in the wheatfield, until, as she pathetically put it, "The nest was empty and the birds flown never to return except on visits of inspection;" then, yielding to the solicitations of her children, she removed to Solon, where her daughter, Mehetabel, had married and settled. There, lovingly ministered to by those who owed her so much in their childhood's days, she quietly spent the remnant of her life, bright and sympathetic to the end.

Never was a woman less inclined to think her life had any especial significance, nor perhaps did those about her guess it. The pioneer matron had those elements of heroism for which retrospect is necessary, but we, looking back, can see her as she really was. a noble woman, the worthy mother of a great son.

## Helps for Busy Housewives.

AN UNWISE PRACTICE.—Never take warm drinks and then immediately go out into the cold. The practice has been known to produce a severe chill.

A Window Silencer.—This invention takes the form of an india-rubber roller, about the size of a halfpenny, which revolves on an axle. The axle is supported on two arms, which are screwed to the top of the lower window-sash. With two of the silencers thus attached a window cannot rattle, for the slightest sound due to the shaking of the sashes is at once deadened by the rubber rollers.

Fried Potatoes may be several different things, varying with the intelligence of the cook. If, as some doctors declare, "Mischief lurks in the frying pan," they probably mean in homes where "to fry" is to "soak in grease." Given the conditions of pure lard, and a hot fire to ensure a quick browning, potatoes may become a capital dish. It is a pity tnat tne use of the potato is narrowed, alternating from boiled to fried. The same potatoes, thinly sliced and placed in an earthen dish, each layer covered with a slight sprinkling of flour together with bits of butter, a seasoning of onion, salt and pepper, and the whole nearly covered with milk, will, after two hours' baking in a hot oven, come forth an appetising, wholesome dish.

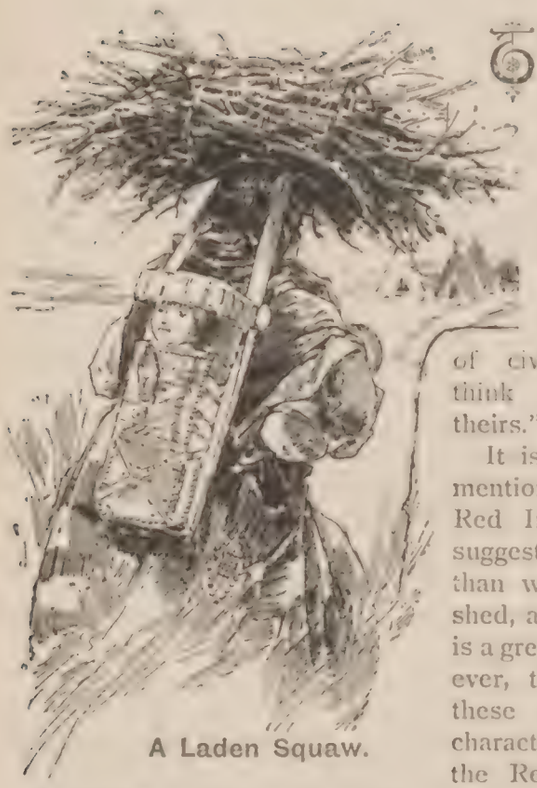
Cement.—A cement very much used at the present day in China and Japan is made from rice. It is only necessary to mix rice flour intimately with water and gently simmer the mixture over a clear fire, when it readily forms a delicate and durable cement.

Chapped Hands.—A wash consisting of one or two drachms of hydrochloric acid in about four ounces of water, has been recommended as a sure cure in case of chapped hands.

# MOTHERS OF OTHER LANDS.

## I.—MOTHERS OF THE RED INDIAN TERRITORY.

BY B. McCALL-BARBOUR.



A Laden Squaw.

THE Red Indians—"savages we call them," says Benjamin Franklin, "because their manners differ from ours, which we think the perfection of civilisation; they think the same of theirs."

It is true the mere mention of the name Red Indian is to us suggestive of little else than war-paint, bloodshed, and savagery. It is a great mistake, however, to imagine that these are the only characteristics to which the Red Indians can lay claim. There are many noble and praiseworthy traits in the character of the tribe, which even more highly civilised nations could emulate with advantage.

But it is the women, or rather the mothers, of the Red Indians with which we have to deal. The squaw, as the Red Indian woman is called, occupies a place in the social scale which to most of us must seem degrading and oppressive. It is the women who do all the work and train the children. The men go a-hunting, act the warrior when needed, hold council meetings, and otherwise enjoy the "pipe of peace." Such conditions of life, although somewhat at variance with our own, are none the less in perfect accordance with the ideas of the Red Indians.

As an instance of the social and domestic standing of the squaw, we may quote the following, related by the Rev. Egerton R. Young, missionary to the Red Indians: "I have seen the proud, lazy hunter come stalking into camp, with his gun on his shoulder, and in loud, imperious tones shout out to his wife, who was busily engaged in crushing maize, 'Get up there, you dog, my squaw, and go back in my tracks in the woods, and bring in the deer I have shot; and hurry, for I want food!' To quicken her steps, although she was hurrying as rapidly as possible, a stick was thrown at her, which fortunately she was able to dodge."

At such a command the poor squaw would set off on the trail, and finding the animal she would fasten it to her back with a strap and trudge home again with her burden, weighing probably 150 or 200 lbs. Without a moment's rest, at her husband's imperious command, she would begin to prepare and cook the food. This done, her husband, along with some other men and boys, would speedily devour the savoury dish. While they are so engaged the poor squaw is for the time released from work, and betakes herself to where the women, girls, and dogs are congregated, awaiting the bones which the males may throw to them. Such is the usual condition of the squaw amongst the Red Indians in their pagan state.

Although to the woman is assigned this laborious and somewhat slave-like position in the affairs of life, she is by no means despised. To her is also committed the training of the children, so that even in the Red Indian Territory "she who rocks the cradle, rules the world." The mode of training which the Red Indian mother goes through with her children is another peculiar characteristic of the tribe.

It is from the orations delivered at various times by the aged and the wise that the mothers learn the laws which are to be enacted. These they impart to their children along with the traditions of the past, and so each child receives a personal knowledge of the laws and principles of the tribe for himself. In this way, too, there is begotten in the children a reverence for the aged, and a desire after obedience to those precepts and practices which they propound.

Whenever council meetings are held, although the mothers may have to take what is best expressed by the term "a back seat," they play a most important part in the proceedings. They are the "reporters," so to speak. Whatever is spoken about and agreed upon is taken mental note of by the squaws and retailed to

"Busily engaged in crushing maize."

her little ones, who store it in their minds along with all the past traditions, and hand them on in future times to their children, thus passing on the unwritten laws of the tribe from generation to generation.

With the somewhat deplorable condition of the squaw, as it seems to us, it is difficult to see how the maternal influence of the Red Indian can be exerted with much beneficial power and effect. And yet it is true that the Indian mother is most assiduous in her efforts to train her little ones.

Longfellow's beautiful lines in "Hiawatha" are no exaggeration, but a true and touching picture of the love and care of the Red Indian mother :—

> "There the wrinkled old Nokomis
> Nursed the little Hiawatha,
> Rocked him in his linden cradle,
> Bedded soft in moss and rushes,
> Safely bound with reindeer sinews;
> Stilled his fretful wail by saying,
> 'Hush! the Naked Bear will get thee!'
> Lulled him into slumber, singing,
> 'Ewa-yea! my little owlet!
> Who is this, that lights the wigwam?
> With his great eyes lights the wigwam?
> Ewa-yea! my little owlet!'"

The Red Indian mothers carry their babies, or "papooses" as they are called, strapped to a board, to which are attached strong wicker handles. This lack of freedom, as our English babies would think it, is quite the happiest and most natural state of the Indian papoose. But for the occasional movement of the little bald head, these gaudily decorated bundles might easily pass for mummies as they are deposited in their coffins. This stiff and vigorous bundle the Indian mother often presses to her breast with evident signs of endearing affection. We have heard the Rev. E. R. Young describe how while engaged in his missionary work amongst the Red Indians, it is no infrequent occurrence to find the walls of the meeting-place hung round with these strapped-up coffin-like bundles of humanity, with their heads wagging from side to side and their eyes gleaming at him throughout the entire service.

In a Red Indian Village.

In her dress the Indian mother is not, as a rule, fastidious and exacting. The material most largely used for dress purposes is flannel, which is not always arranged in the most elegant fashion. This may somewhat be accounted for by the fact that the women being the workers of the community, they have but little time and inclination to attend to matters of fashion. In some cases, however, the women line their petticoats with ribbons of bright colours, and further adorn them with

buckles and beads. Embroidery in bead-work is one of the accomplishments of the Red Indian squaw, and not infrequently their mocassins or leggings are profusely decorated in this way.

The complexion of the Red Indian mother is somewhat like that of the gipsy, and her hair is of intensest black. Her features, however, have a decided character of their own, being flat and broadly formed. The staid, solid look upon her face suggests sadness and solemnity; but it is no indication that she is *not* happy. This is her nature, and though she may very seldom laugh or show signs of pleasure, she is usually glad at heart and not unkindly towards her neighbours.

The great mother Nature has nursed these children of the swarthy skin on her lap, and it is largely due to their direct contact with her that their ways seem somewhat peculiar to us of more artificial nursing.

Nature, too, has had much to do with the religion of the Red Indians. The Great and Good Spirit is the object of all their worship, and him they try to serve because they believe that if they please him he will bless them; while if they disobey, he will curse them.

When an Indian mother desires to obtain a guardian spirit for her child, she blackens its face and causes it to fast for several days. During this time the spirit is supposed to reveal himself in the dreams of the child. Anxiously the mother watches during these days, and questions her little one every morning with regard to his or her visions of the night.

The form which presents itself to the child's mind most frequently is selected as the form of its guardian spirit. This may be the head of a bird, the foot of an animal, or indeed any ridiculous thing in existence. Whatever it is, however, is procured, and is made the constant companion of the child through all its earthly career, as its guardian spirit.

Surely "we whose souls are lighted with wisdom from on high" long for the time when this same blessed light shall dispel the delusion and darkness in which our swarthy brethren dwell—for the time when The Great Good Spirit will be realised to be none other than our Father, Saviour, Guide, and Friend.

# HINTS ON HOUSEHOLD PROBLEMS.

BY FLORENCE STACPOOLE, LECTURER TO THE NATIONAL HEALTH SOCIETY.

## I.—HOW TO HAVE A HEALTHY HOME.

"A NATION'S health is a nation's wealth," said one of the chief writers in America—the poet-philosopher Emerson. It needs no deep thinking to recognise the truth of his words, nor cogent arguments to prove their truth. Ill health may impoverish a family as much as extravagance or vice; and the nation is but a collection of families.

Now, the knowledge of how to make a home healthy does not unfortunately, like the ability to make poetry, come to people by nature. There are certain hard facts which we must *learn*, there are certain things which we must *do*, if the house we live in is to be a healthy one; and it is the aim of this little paper to point out as briefly as possible what these facts are, and how these things can be done, as far as they can be done, by the "woman of the house."

Of course, if the house is built on damp, undrained soil, or on what is called "made earth" (*i.e.*, if the ground on which it stands has been a pit filled in with the contents of ashbins and rubbish heaps), all the efforts of the most intelligent woman will not avail to make it a healthy house. Again, if it is built of cheap materials, bad bricks that absorb and retain moisture, unseasoned wood, and so forth; or if the drain pipes run underneath it, or if the drainage is out of order, the housewife has small chance of being able to make the house healthy. These are things with which we cannot deal here; we are considering what are the facts every woman should know, and what are the daily things she should do if she would keep her house (supposing that it is properly built and ordinarily healthy when she comes into it) in a sanitary state.

She should know four things:—

1. The value of pure air.
2. The importance of light.
3. The danger of dust and refuse matter.
4. The danger of bad water.

Of all the difficulties which beset the sanitary reformer of the home, probably the greatest is the difficulty of convincing the general run of people that it is dangerous to breathe impure air. You can convince them easily enough of the danger of small-pox, or fever, and there is little trouble in keeping people out of rooms where such diseases are; but it is very hard, sometimes impossible, to make people understand that every human being is in actual fact a *poison-making machine*, and that therefore if they keep their windows and doors shut, tie down the registers of the fireplace, and carefully prevent *outside* fresh air from coming in, the air of the rooms in which they live and breathe *must* become poisonous.

The whole thing lies in a nutshell. Air is a mixture of gases, with a certain proportion of watery vapour, and it depends upon the quantities and kinds of these gases which exist in the air we breathe, whether that air is pure or impure. The principal of these gases are oxygen and nitrogen. Oxygen gas is very powerful; we could not live in an atmosphere of pure oxygen, but we must have a certain proportion of it if we are to lead healthy lives. Oxygen purifies the blood; this is the fact with which the mistress of the house is specially concerned. In one hundred parts of pure air there are about twenty-one parts of oxygen, the rest is made up of nitrogen, whose use, as far as is known at present, is principally to dilute the oxygen. There are also traces of other gases—ammonia, carbonic acid gas, etc. It is with the carbonic acid gas we have chiefly to do here. The whole A B C of the knowledge of how to have a healthy home is contained in our proper understanding of the properties of these two gases, their effects upon

the health, and how they are produced. Oxygen purifies; carbonic acid gas poisons, if it exists in large quantities. Oxygen, in sufficing quantities for the needs of the body, is contained in fresh outside air; carbonic acid gas (besides being given off from gas-burners, etc.) is generated or made by every living creature, human and animal.

We can thus see, that as we are always consuming oxygen and giving out carbonic acid gas, we must, unless we make some provision for getting rid of the one, and taking in the other, very soon make the air of the rooms we inhabit actually poisonous. And so we do. There are degrees of poison. Without killing outright, certain quantities of poison will *lower* the system, render it an easy prey to disease, give headaches, indigestion, and blood poison, and produce lassitude, want of appetite, and disinclination to work.

These are all effects which are caused by breathing in again air already breathed out. It is this re-breathing of already expired air which makes stuffy rooms so injurious; it is this which often makes people fall asleep in ill-ventilated churches—not the sermon, so generally blamed; it is this which makes people awake unrefreshed after a night of bad dreams; it is this which makes many a child drowsy and stupid at lessons, and not his inherent stupidity.

The proper remedy for all this ought to lie in the architect's hands, and in newly built houses ventilation is generally provided for. But unfortunately this is not so in houses built thirty or forty years ago. We cannot knock all these structures down, however. Many of us have to live in them, and here comes in what the mistress can *do* when she has learned the necessity for it. She can see that all her chimneys are open, and that all her windows open *at the top*. Breathed-out air is warm, and warm air always rises; open the top of the window, then, if the weather is too cold to admit of top and bottom being open. Have a *costless ventilator* in each room.

This is merely a strip of wood two or three inches deep, made to fit the whole length of the bottom sash; raise the sash, put in the strip, shut the sash on it, a space will remain between the two sashes, not enough to admit the dreaded draught, but enough to bring in a constant supply of the precious purifying oxygen. Such a ventilator ought to be in every bed-room. The chimney is an excellent ventilating shaft, *if it is open*. A little fire, or even a lamp burning in the grate, draws the bad air up the chimney—the warm air rises and draws the bad air after it. This is why a fire, or a lamp in the grate is so useful in a sick-room, especially in an infectious room. Every room where people are congregated,—school-rooms, work-rooms, and so on,—should be *flushed* with air from time to time, by having doors and windows thrown open. These are things that the mother of a family can and ought to see to herself.

Light (God's eldest daughter, as an old divine called it) and life are intimately connected. From sunlight all the forces of nature, all energy and power are primarily derived. The old saying, "Live on the sunny side of the street where the doctor never comes," recognises the value of sunshine. The wretched modern "Queen Anne" windows, with their tiny panes of coloured glass, are utterly opposed to all modern knowledge of the laws of hygiene.

The mother who wants to rear a healthy family should at all events eschew "Queen Anne" nurseries, and should think too much of health to keep the blinds down whenever there is a gleam of sun, for fear of fading the carpets and curtains. Darkness and gloom fade the cheeks, and they are surely more important than the furniture.

The danger of dust, and of refuse matter, is especially worthy the housewife's study. Dust is not only more or less full of decaying organic matter, but it is also a mechanical irritant. Dusty rooms conduce to lung disease. If a room is light, it will be much easier to keep it free from dust than if it is dark. Refuse, like what civilised people keep under their windows in their dust-bins, instead of depositing in the open air as the despised savage does, is a fertile source of disease. Bones, decaying vegetable matter, and offal should NEVER be put into the dust-bin. If they cannot be burnt in a good fire, they should be put into a box and covered with fresh lime, until they can be removed. It is the accumulation of damp mouldering matter that makes so many back-yards, ash-pits, and dust-bins veritable hot-beds of disease.

Here the housekeeper can indeed *do* a great deal by preventing such accumulations.

The danger of bad water can be met in two ways—by boiling and filtering. All water, unless we know certainly that it comes from a pure source, should be well boiled. By pouring it from one jug to another after it is cold, the *flat* taste is removed. Filters must be clean, or they are worse than useless. They should be cleaned every fortnight at least. Finally, cisterns should be kept covered, and periodically cleaned out. Otherwise, *how* can they be expected to keep within them a supply of *healthy* water?

*** In my next article I shall deal with the following problem: "*How to Improve the Personal Appearance without Injury to the Health.*"

**Wedded.**—What greater thing is there for two human souls than to feel that they are joined for life—to strengthen each other in all labour, to rest on each other in all sorrow, to minister to each other in all pain, to be one with each other in silent, unspeakable memories at the moment of the last parting?—*George Eliot.*

* * *

**Our Child's Character.**—It is not perfect wisdom to reduce all children to the type of our own childhood, though it may be right sometimes. "When I was a little girl I used to like being told what I ought to do," says the mother. "I am a different little girl," the child might say, "and I hate it very much." Perhaps the little girl takes after her father, and this might have been his way of growing into goodness if he did grow.—*S. Bryant, D.Sc.*

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**Obedience.**—If a child finds out that he can successfully appeal to the *one* parent against the decision of the other, he will soon learn to disobey both.

* * *

**He Could not be Seen.**—"I want to see the master of the house," said the pedlar to Mrs. D., who had answered the ring. "I'm sorry," she replied, as she gently closed the door, "but baby is asleep just now."

# MY HAPPY POSSESSIONS.

BY CHARLOTTE SKINNER, AUTHOR OF "THE MASTER'S MESSAGES," ETC.

## I.—MY MOTTO.

EACH year I like to have a motto, which is all my very own, and to put a copy of it in some place in my home where I cannot fail to see it.

"*Every day will I bless Thee.*" That is my motto for this year. "What a very lofty one!" perhaps someone will say. But a motto should be an inspiration, and necessarily one which we have to reach up to. But please do not judge my motto yet. "I can never ascend that mountain," many a traveller has exclaimed at first sight of its snowy peak; but the hour came when he planted his foot on its highest point.

I take this motto for my own—I, a sinful woman, and I look up to the great God, of whom I learn so much in Jesus, and we two have pledged ourselves this New Year—He to bless—I to bless.

This would be a very difficult motto to live up to if I had to bless *first*. Surely you already see the peak is not so unattainable, after all.

"*Every day*" *is a gift.* Each time the darkness is rolled away by the Almighty fingers, the Angel of the Morning Star brings countless precious gifts. When morning by morning we are wakened by the kiss of God's love, He gives to us a precious gift—a day. A day full of grand possibilities.

"*Every day*" *has a plan.* Most of us like to plan out our days early in the morning, or on the previous evening, but do we often stay to think that Another and Wiser has planned it before us? This thought is to me an inspiration and makes my days so much easier. We can be quite splendid dressmakers when somebody else cuts out the work and says what has to be done. To have a plan always makes work easy. Only the plan of our days is never revealed to us all at once; loving fingers are spread over it, and only one line revealed at one time. I think that is to make us more intent on present duty.

"*Every day*" *differs from another.* Even women who live on lonely moors have never two days exactly alike. And, oh, how sunny some are! We get up in good time, the fire burns well, a nice letter comes, the children are loving, even the boys come for a kiss, and the husband at night calls you "dearie." But some days are shadowed days; the golden sunlight is dimmed into grey shadows. Everything seems to go wrong. Some days are stormy; death comes in; the icy blasts of poverty blow round you, and you cannot screen your loved ones from the storm's freezing fingers.

"*Every day*" *has a duty.* Though so varied, each day has one particular duty which no stress of circumstances should allow us to forget or postpone.

To "BLESS GOD." Let us break up that word "bless," that we may better understand it. Take the letter B. "Every day will I *believe* in Thee." We cannot bless till we believe. It is easy to believe on the sunny days, but do we all do even that? To believe in God means two things. That you have believed to the saving of your soul. My motto is a Christian's motto. And to believe in Him means, to trust fully—it means never to doubt Him.

L. "Every day will I *love* Thee." We are so apt to love by fits and starts. Some days we seem to love everybody; other days we have very sour dispositions. How comes this? It is because something has been allowed to intercept the flow of our love—perhaps a headache, a fit of laziness, an evil report, but mostly lack of faith. Now, if every day we believe in God, every day we shall love Him, because no cloud will come between.

E. "Every day will I *enquire* of Thee." That is the old word for prayer. As long ago as the days of Rebekah we read, "she enquired of the Lord." There is one very significant remark about Saul—he enquired of the Lord, "and the Lord answered Him not." Answers are only promised to those who love.

The little corner in our homes where we kneel to pray is our enquiry office. And when the days come when it seems difficult to "bless" we just "enquire" about it, and the answer comes in loving tones. A wee little child, with dimpled cheeks, sat knitting in the sunlight, her doll-like fingers seeming far too small. "Don't you ever drop your stitches?" asked a friend. "Oh, yes, but then grandma, you see, picks them up, so I don't worry about them." When we find it difficult to "bless" we just say to Him who is ever with us, "How can we bless to-day, dear Lord?" And He straightway puts a new song in our mouth. So you see the next form of my motto is, "Every day will I *sing* to Thee." In 1 Chron. xvi. 37 there is a very expressive verse about daily singing. The sons of Asaph were placed in the tabernacle to sing as "every day's work required."

S. "Every day will I *shine* for Thee." I read a little while ago of some shining women, but they shone only by means of their dress. Some poor little fireflies were enclosed in lace bags and attached to their skirts. We want to shine by our characters. How some women have shone for Christ! and their shining has come to us all down the ages. They shone in their homes, and they preached in the street to thousands like Catherine of Siena, in the prison, at the stake! We ask sometimes, "Is it possible in these days to shine as they did?" I was seated one day in a railway carriage prepared for a quiet little read, when a gentleman asked me if I would look over a manuscript poem, and give any corrections or suggestions. It was a passionate appeal on behalf of Temperance, penned by the trembling hand of a very old lady. I held in my left hand the life of St. Agnes, a girl who suffered martyrdom rather than dishonour Christ. In my right hand was the proof of a woman in the nineteenth century shining for Christ. And I said to myself, "Nor time, nor place, need prevent any woman from shining."

Every day to shine, Saturdays as well as Sundays. And we shall shine if we take this motto. For if we *believe* we shall *love*, which will constrain us to *enquire* to ensure success. And we shall *sing* because we have enquired, and *shine* as we sing. Thus out of a full heart we cry—"EVERY DAY WILL I BLESS THEE."

# IS TEA-DRINKING INJURIOUS?

BY A TEA DRINKER.

Tea Drinkers—At Home.

IN the far-off days, when tea was a novelty in this country, a charitably-disposed individual presented a worthy old dame with a small quantity of the precious product. The good woman was profuse with her thanks, and promised to try the new-fangled article at the earliest opportunity.

Meeting her a few days after, the donor of the tea asked her whether she had made use of it.

"Aye," she said, dubiously, "I did try 'un."

"Well," inquired her friend, "and how did you like it?"

"Not at all!" was the reply.

"Why, how was that?"

"Well," said the old lady, slowly, "I can't say, but 'tis a dish I don't relish. I b'iled 'un well, and when I thought 'un was cooked I lifted 'un out on to a platter, and did put pepper and salt on to 'un, and did begin to eat. But, eh, dear, 'un had a queer taste, to be sure; and I had to give in, and throw 'un away. Mebbe 'tis all very well for them as likes it; but I'd rayther have a good honest cabbage from my own bit garden, ony day."

We may feel disposed to smile at the simplicity of the old woman, who regarded tea as a vegetable, and, discarding the liqiud that might have warmed and cheered her old heart, attempted to eat the leaves. But I question whether some of us do not act with almost as little wisdom when we proceed to "take tea."

Whether or not tea-drinking is injurious is a matter that depends entirely on circumstances. Provided the tea be of good quality, and provided that it be drunk soon after making, at reasonable times, and in reasonable quantity, there is no better or more refreshing beverage. But under other conditions nobody can deny that tea is capable of causing a good deal of injury; the tannin which it contains being very prejudicial to health if allowed to develop beyond a certain point.

In the poorest parts of most of our great cities women may be found who are obliged to slave their very lives away for the merest pittance. They cannot afford any but the commonest kinds of food, and the staples of their diet are bread and tea. The bread may be well enough, but what of the tea? It is necessarily of poor quality, to begin with. A meagre measure of leaves is put into the teapot in the morning, boiling water is added after the orthodox fashion, and when it has infused for a while it is drunk. So far, so good—or, at any rate, not so bad. It is from this point that the mischief begins.

The strength of the worker will begin to fag by-and-by, and then more tea will be required. A fresh brew is an extravagance not to be thought of. The pot has remained on the hob ever since the first infusion; and the only thing to be done is to add more water. The result is not such as would please the palate of a

Tea Gatherers—Abroad.

connoisseur, but the poor woman drinks it because she can afford nothing better, and tries to think she feels refreshed.

And as often as she feels weary or thirsty throughout the day she repeats this process, until the over-worked tea-leaves refuse any longer to colour the fluid poured over them, and a fresh making becomes the only alternative to drinking plain boiled water.

For the poor creatures who drink such an unwholesome concoction there is assuredly death in the (tea) pot. The conversion of the delicate lining of the stomach into leather by the action of the tannin contained in the tea, is only a question of time, and life after that cannot go on. Tea-drinking under these circumstances becomes poison-drinking, pure and simple; and there can be no question whatever that it is injurious in the highest degree.

"But," someone may be saying, "*I* don't drink such stuff as that!" No? And yet, dear madam, it is very possible that the tea which is drunk in your house is not always innocuous. I happen to know of many a household where the mother often longs for a cup of tea—and has it!—at about four o'clock in the afternoon. The children come in from school half-an-hour later, and the same leaves that yielded the mother's first cup are made to do service for the children.

I do not for a moment say that these mothers wilfully injure their bairns; but the injury is done all the same. Better, dear mother, send your children to the cold comfort of the kitchen tap—if you can afford nothing better—than give them poisonous stewed tea to drink.

It is much to be feared, too, that the tea prepared in the homes of our working men is sometimes injurious in a moral as well as a physical sense. Let the tea be good, the food wholesome, and the table clean and bright, and the average man will much prefer the comfortable meal at his own board to imbibing the muddling contents of a pewter pot in company with tap-room loafers.

It is the discomfort of home that in many cases drives men to the public-house; and women who are mourning over unsteady husbands or sons should remember that unless they have made HOME as bright and attractive as love can make it, there is still something for them to do to help to win their dear ones back again.

But this is a digression. To return to the subject more immediately under discussion. There are many doctors—and their number is ever increasing—who maintain that even the best of tea, if drunk at certain times of the day is, if not absolutely poisonous, at least decidedly unwholesome. And they are specially severe in their condemnation of the common practice of partaking of the cheering cup before rising in the morning.

Of course, for many mothers, such an indulgence as this is a sheer impossibility, and so much the better for them, say the doctors. But there are large numbers of women who can and who do enjoy this harmful luxury. And I can conceive of many cases in which the temptation to such an indulgence is very great.

Take, for instance, the case of a mother who, after an exhausting day of hard work, goes to bed, hoping to have a good night's rest. For the greater part of the night, alas! she is kept awake by a fretful baby. Morning comes, and she feels utterly worn out. She knows from past experience that a cup of tea will put fresh life into her—at least, for a time; and who can wonder if she drinks it eagerly when it is presently brought to her bedside by husband or elder daughter?

Many mothers, however, with no such excuse—in fact, for no sort of reason at all, except that they like it!—indulge in this pernicious habit. For pernicious it certainly is if the doctors are to be believed, who tell us that the practice is responsible for an appalling amount of ill-health. Tea once a day, they say, is often enough—preferably at tea-time, and never, no *never*, first thing in the morning.

But though women may listen patiently enough to all that can be said against their favourite beverage, it is questionable whether they will ever be persuaded from their allegiance to the tea-pot. The most that can be hoped for is that when they have realised that tea-drinking *may*, under certain conditions, be fraught with grave danger to health, they will do their utmost to avoid those conditions; and by seeing that their tea is of good quality to begin with, and that it is poured out of the tea-pot within five minutes from the time of making, ensure that the "cup that cheers" shall be wholesome and harmless—free from the faintest trace of poison, and incapable of causing injury to those who drink it.

M.

## "THE QUEEN OF THE KITCHEN."

"Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws, Makes that and th' action fine."—*Herbert.*

NARROW and low are my kitchen walls
To other eyes than mine;
To me they are better than stately halls
Of a palace fair and fine.

This is my kingdom, and I am queen,
With never a foe to fear;
Happy a sovereign as ever was seen
Am I in my kitchen here.

My sceptre and sword, the broom I wield
In this kingdom all my own;
The kitchen floor is my battle-field,
My knights are my thoughts alone.

And as I cheerily scrub and bake
From morning till set of sun,
My thoughts fight on till the forts they take,
And the strongholds of truth are won.

And many a tender, beautiful thought
Shines with the sun, through the door,
And surrenders itself to me, unsought,
While I scrub the kitchen floor.

Sing on, my heart, though my kitchen walls
Narrow may be, and low;
Never a king in his palace halls
Knew half the joy I know.

M. H.

# MOTHERS IN COUNCIL.

CONDUCTED BY MRS. E. M. WATERWORTH, AUTHOR OF "MOTHERS AT HOME," ETC.

*January 1st*, 1895.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—A Happy New Year to you all! Of course, that is the first thing one expects everybody to say just now, so I say it at once.

I suppose everybody knows the value of a true friendship. I don't mean one of those mushroom sort of affairs, which begin at a tea or dinner party, when the women folk who meet for the first time, part at ten o'clock with a kiss and a pathetic "Good-bye, dear." That's what I call a desecration of the word friendship, and the seal of love—a kiss. Such violent fancies, for the most part, are like Admiral Fitzroy's storm disturbances, "Short foretold, soon pass."

But there's nothing in this world, I think, more beautiful, more helpful, than a sincere friendship with someone whom we respect as much as we love, whom we trust as much as we admire.

Now, you and I ought to be true friends though we have never met, for I hope you have kindly thoughts of me, and I know I have sympathetic thoughts of you. Taking for granted then that we are friends, it naturally follows, "as the night the day," that we should wish to help each other over the many stiles which all of us have to climb in our wanderings through life. You all have your difficulties and worries, so have I.

You cannot bear mine for me, neither can I bear yours for you; but very often we could share our bothers, and bearing them with another person helps the load wonderfully.

"Is thy burden hard and heavy?
Do thy steps drag wearily?
Help to bear thy brother's burden,
God will bear both it and thee."

So we propose beginning this New Year as we always should, with a new effort to increase the joy, and decrease the sorrow, of those we know; and we are going to invite you all to be members of a kind of Women's Parliament.

This page in our magazine is to be a "talking place," where we hope to discuss, not our imaginary grievances, but our real difficulties. We want no new-fangled ideas of woman's work and woman's duties, but we want to help each other to do our duty in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call us.

I suppose you and I know as well as most people how to turn out a room for its periodical cleaning.

We begin by sorting the various contents, dusting each carefully, casting aside what is worthless; we then lay all together, covered up from the dirt.

Then up goes the window from the bottom, down from the top, letting in God's sweet air and light.

Next come the dustpan and brush. What a war we wage against dust and cobwebs! Then with cleansing soap and water we scour the floor, and rejoice as we return the ornaments and furniture to their places, that all smells as fresh as a newly-turned field.

It seems to me we ought to treat our minds very much in the same way as we do our houses, if we want to have the "healthy mind in the healthy body" that Lord Beaconsfield admired. There's a skeleton in every house, there's an ache in every heart, there's a difficulty in every life, there's a shadow in every path. What's the good of denying it? We only let the thing increase till it grows into a regular giant. Far better face the enemy. There *are* the cobwebs; don't let us say they are only the film in our neighbour's eyes—let's set to work to brush them away.

Of course, the first and best means of all is to spread our worries out before the Lord, as Hezekiah did that bragging, impertinent letter of Sennacherib's; and the next best way is very often to ventilate the subject which troubles us. To discuss it with one whose opinion we respect, and who has perhaps experienced exactly the same form of annoyance or difficulty. Two heads are better than one, and so we propose that we should make this page a sort of Enquire Within office.

You will knock, and we will do our very best to answer your questions satisfactorily.

Never mind what your difficulty is; nothing will be too trivial, nothing will be too important. From the treatment of Tommy's burnt finger, to the investment of the legacy left to Tommy's father; from the best way to cut Janie's pinafores, to the only chance of keeping a wrecked home together, we will do our best to give such advice as we know to be right, and possible to follow. All we ask is that you should write straight to me, E. M. Waterworth, care of Messrs. Partridge and Co., 9, Paternoster Row, London, E.C., enclosing a stamped addressed envelope for the reply, which will be sent as quickly as possible.

Each month you will also have a letter from me on this page, in which I shall tell you what subjects have been discussed in our Parliament, either with or without names, as may appear to me most desirable.

Little everyday worries do very often sour a woman's temper more than ever so many bigger troubles would do; and those very worries which seem giants, might often be killed by the tiny, smooth stone of common sense or experience. Of such stones we hope to keep a good store in our editorial sling, and we only ask you to bring out the giants for us to slay.

As I began, so I may end, wishing you all a Happy New Year.

To those who are prosperous, well, and contented, I would say, enjoy what God sends you, never forgetting the Giver in the gift, and remembering always that the present alone is yours. "The past is God's, the future is God's, the present is ours to be given to God!"

To those who are in doubt, in difficulty, or sorrow, I would say it may still be a happy New Year, for God may have a special message of grace for you, and this life being but our school for Heaven, you will take joy in remembering that each day brings you "nearer Home." Your faithful Friend,

E. M. Waterworth

# HINTS ON HOME DRESSMAKING.

BY A PRACTICAL DRESSMAKER.

DRAPED dress-skirts have not come into such universal use as might have been expected. However, they are making their way, though the charming and convenient tailor-made dress, so called, will not easily be put on one side. Panels of coloured velvet, such as moss-green on fawn, grey, or brown, are much used, the edges being finished with a bead trimming. One dress we saw had velvet brought down in points from the waist, those in front being longer than those at the side. Another dress was trimmed with ribbon bows about three inches wide. These were set on up the centre and sides of the skirt about four inches apart, and reached up nearly to the waist. Guipure lace is in great favour just now. Dresses to be worn at evening parties, for which this month is so famous, can be smartened up and made to look very effective with a trimming of this or other lace. Very elegant collars, with deep points all round, are being shown; the price is moderate, and they are very strong. For outdoor wraps, capes and jackets share about equal favour. Both are worn in the three-quarter length, and are trimmed with velvet, silk, or fur. Of the latter, beaver, skunk, otter, white rabbit, and ermine are in most demand. One of the newest mantle trimmings we have seen is simply bands of the material about three-quarters of an inch wide, stitched so that the colour of the reverse side of the cloth is to be seen.

Fig. 1.

Fig. 1 shows a lady's dress made in cloth, and having a double basque, the lower one being of a fancy material. The plain skirt is trimmed at the bottom with two narrow puffs. The body can be made to fasten down the centre or under the side trimming. A frill of cloth is set in at the waist, and taken over the shoulders to form a sort of collar at the back of the neck. A lapel of the fancy stuff is put on under this. The full leg-of-mutton sleeve is used, the top of which should have a piece of muslin laid on between the material and the lining.

Fig. 2.

Fig. 2. Here we have a lady's reversible cloth jacket with a waistcoat front. The backs are tight-fitting, and the fronts nearly so, but we do not think our readers would find any difficulty in making a garment of this kind. A rever turns back where the waistcoat is set on, and increases in width towards the shoulders, where it is taken round the neck to form the collar, inside of which a neck band is used. The waistcoat buttons down the centre, and has a trimming of narrow waved braid on either side.

Fig. 3.

Fig. 3. This illustration shows a cape suitable for the elder daughter or for the mother. It is made on a round yoke, and is laid in pleats at the back. If reversible cloth is used the edges can be turned under and stitched, the inside being finished with a Prussian binding of the same colour. The pointed velvet cape used is lined with silk and edged with cord It is open at the back, and is laid in box-pleats a few inches from the centre of the neck both back and front. A deep turned-down collar falls over this and completes the neck. A felt hat is worn with this cape, trimmed with velvet and feathers of the same colour.

Fig. 4. A stylish pinafore is always in demand at this season of the year, when social gatherings are the order of the day. This pattern will be appreciated by our readers for these occasions. It can be made in mull muslin or any fancy stuff. The bottom is finished with a row of lace insertion about four inches wide, while at the neck are four square tabs, the centres of which are of tucked muslin, and the edges of insertion such as is used at the bottom of the skirt. These tabs should be set on so as to have one in the centre back and front, while the others form epaulettes on the shoulders. The waist is drawn in with a band or sash.

Fig. 4.

Flat patterns can be supplied. Figs. 1, 2, and 3, 6½d. each; fig. 4, 4½d., post free. Address "M. C. Pattern," 9, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.